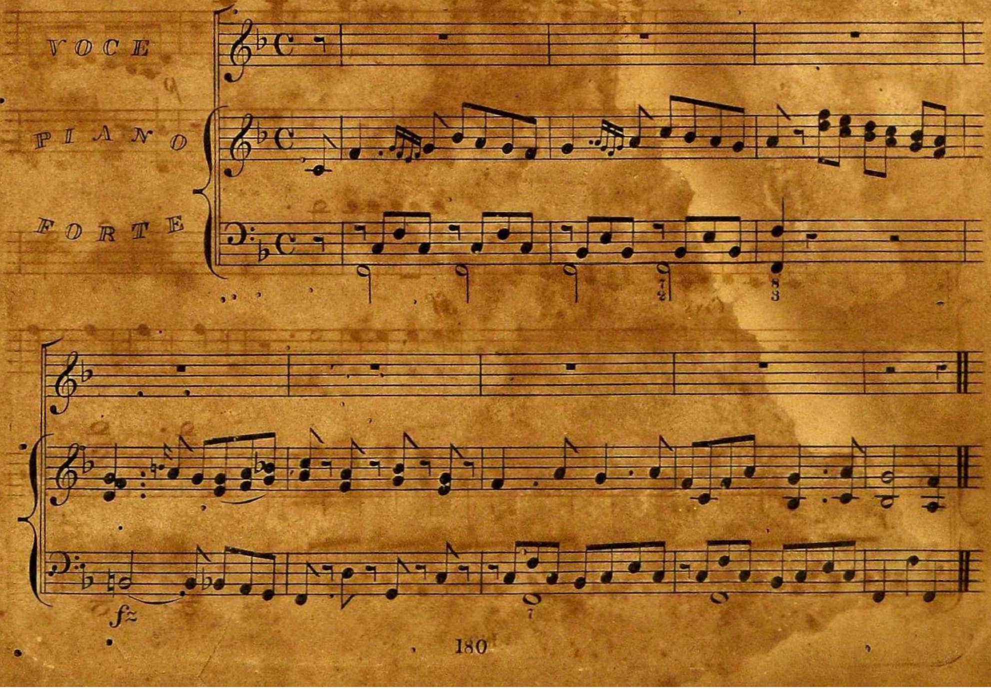
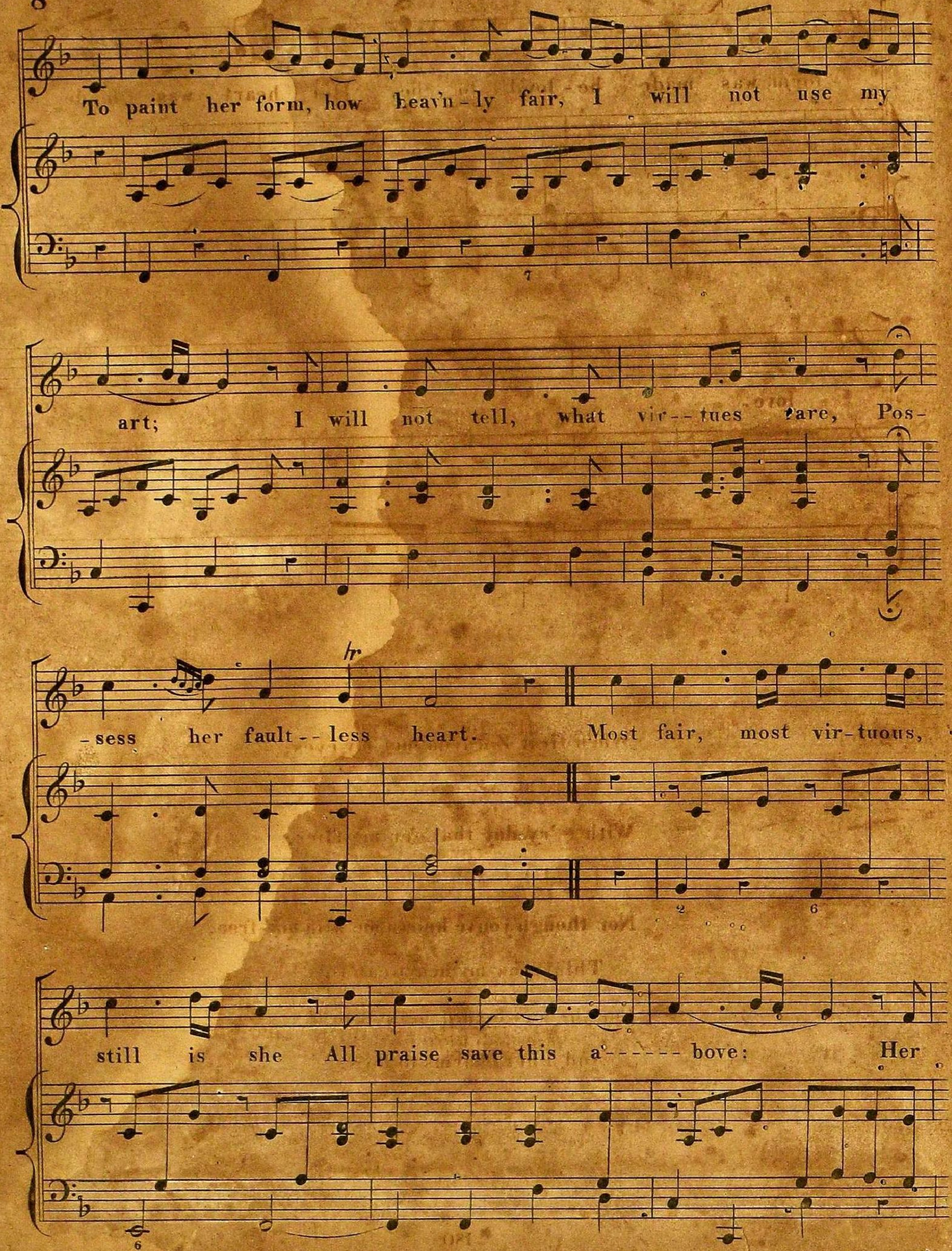
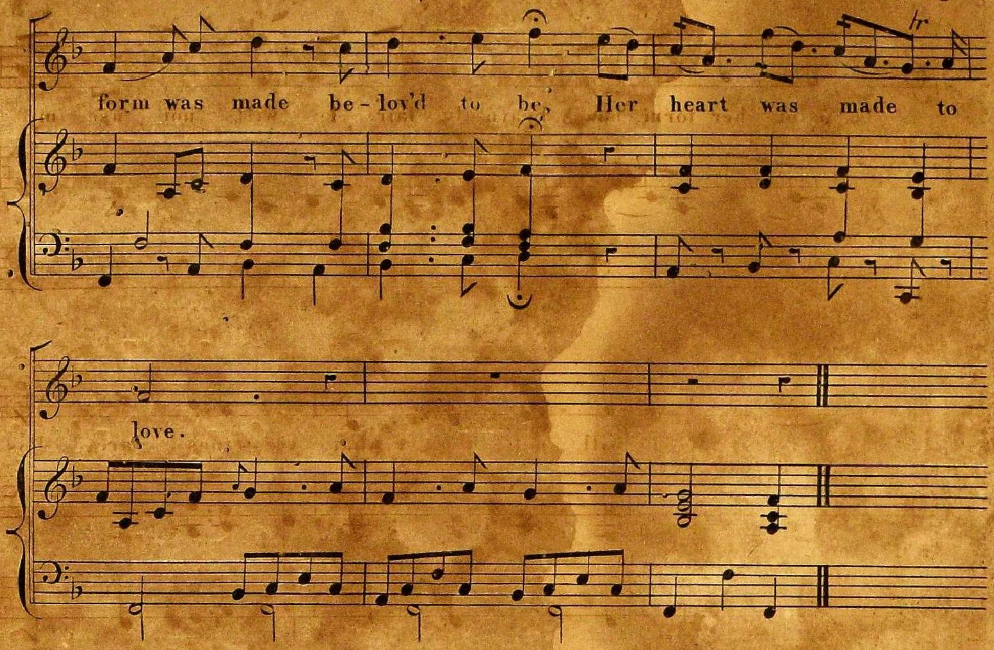
Her heart was made to love,

SUNG BY

MR. HORN.




To paint her form, how heav'n-ly fair, I will not use my
art; I will not tell, what vir--tues rare, Pos-
-sess her fault--less heart. Most fair, most vir-tuous,
still is she All praise save this a------ bove: Her



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When first Zorayda met my eyes,
I felt my freedom o'er:
With ev'ry day that o'er me flies,
I feel I love her more.
Nor though you've known me wild and free,
Think now my heart can rove;
For she was form'd belov'd to be;
And I her charms to love.